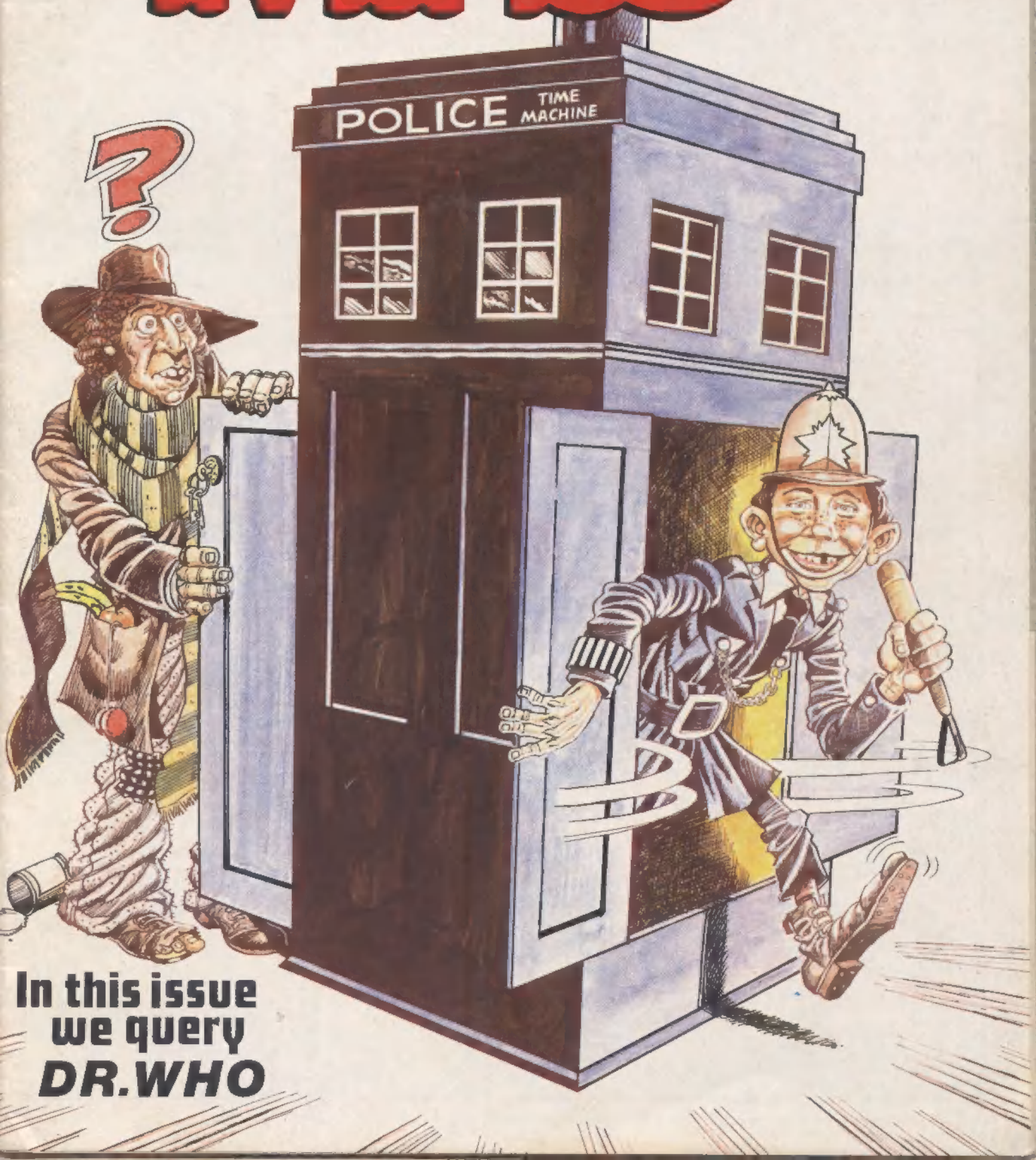
No. 161

MAD

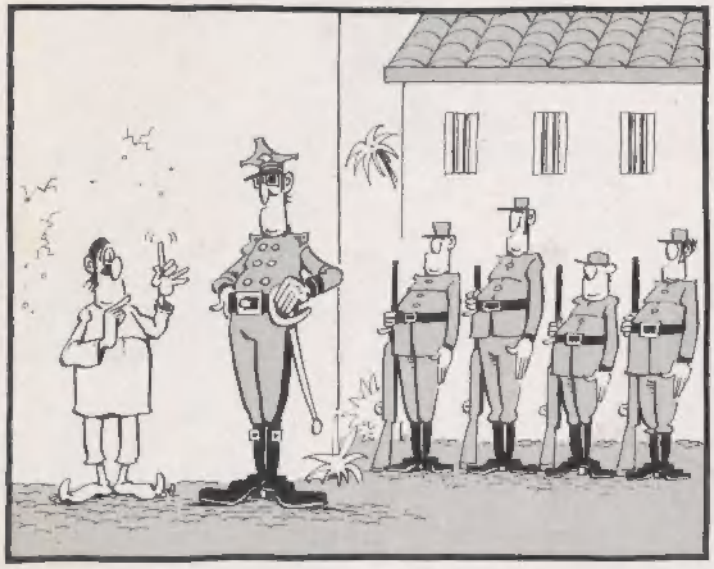
OUR PRICE
20p
CHEAP

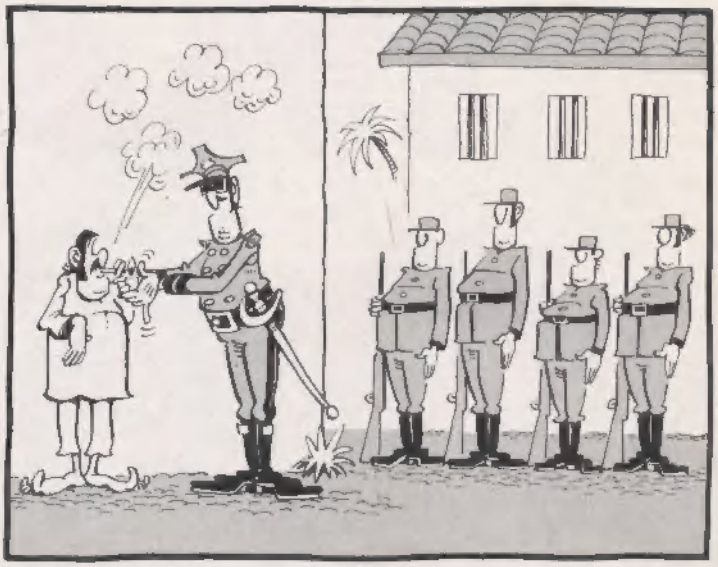


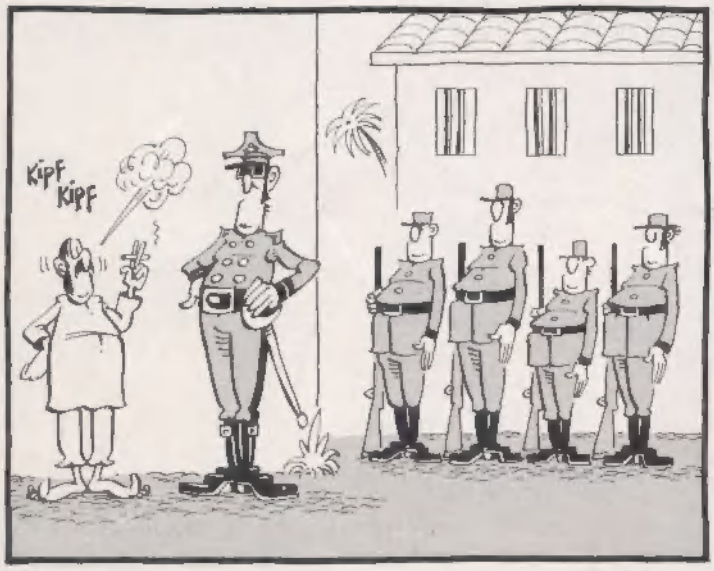
In this issue we query *DR.WHO*

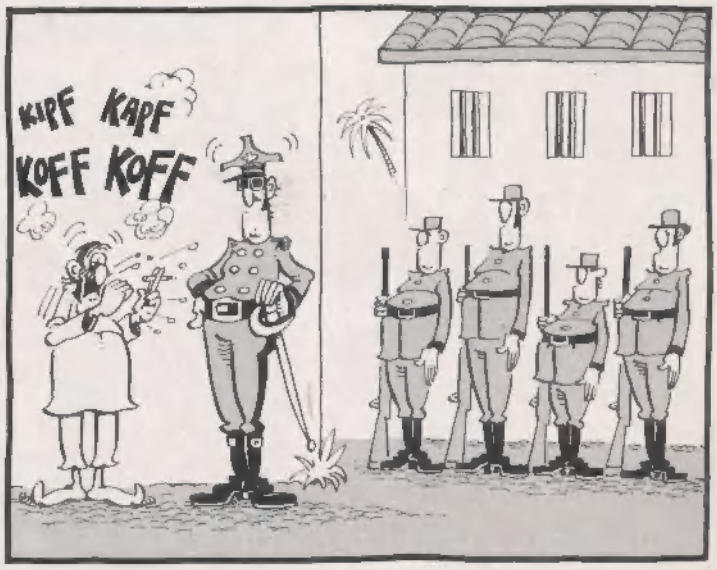
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

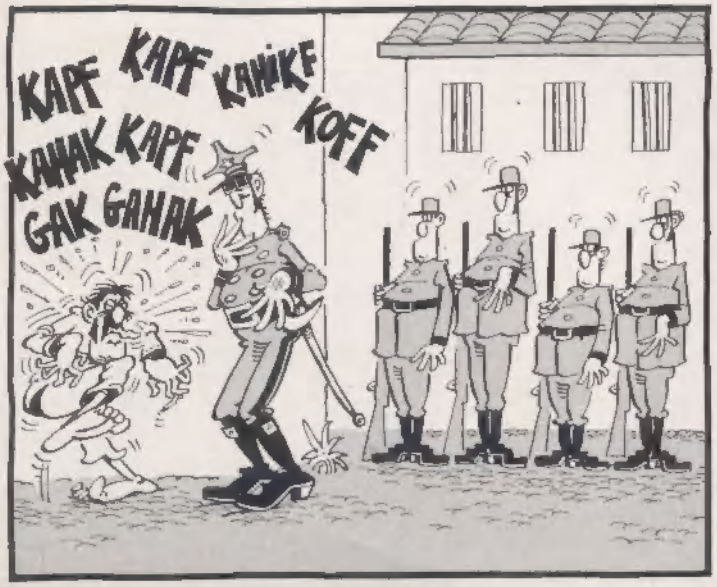
THE PRISONER'S LAST REQUEST

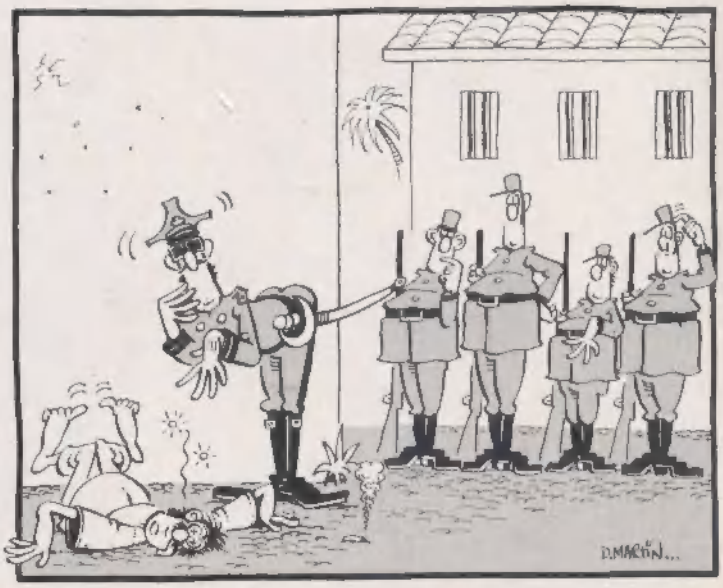












NUMBER 161

MAD

NUMBER ONE IN A FIELD OF ONE

'Summer is the time of year when the local authorities close the usual roads and open the detours!' . . . Alfred E. Neuman.

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**Various Obscure Places Around The Magazine*

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VITAL FEATURES

SOME REAL LIFE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE P.3.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF CHORES P.9.

MAD'S POLL-TAKER OF THE YEAR P.14.

THE MAD GOOD NEWS—BAD NEWS BOOK P.23.

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JEST DESSERTS DEPT.

SOME REAL LIFE SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

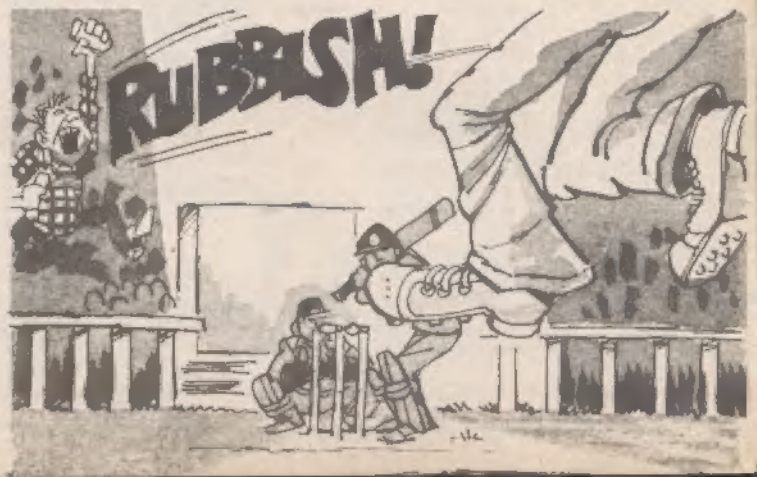
THE BRIBER

THE GRAFFITIIST

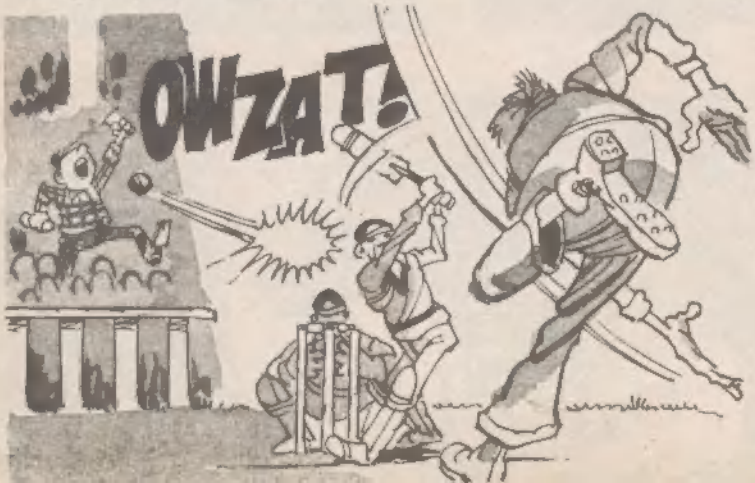
THE SHOW OFF

THE LOUD MOUTH

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



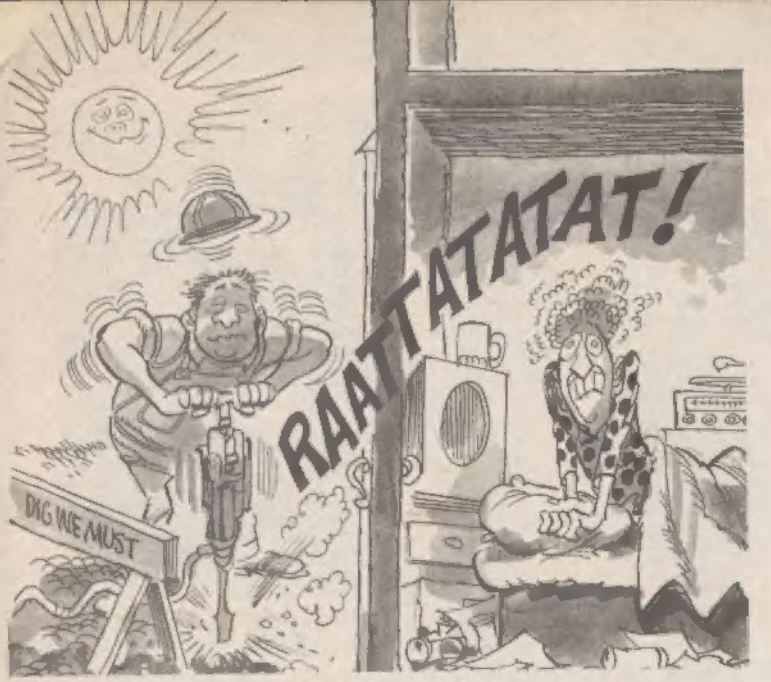
THE NOISE MAKER

THE SUPER STUD

THE FOOD SWIPER

THE NON-STOP TALKER

THE LITTERBUGS



. . . finding out that owning a puppy means—*yecch*—cleaning up after him.

. . . seeing the guy she's been going with since you broke up with her.

. . . discovering that Chief Clerks earn less than dustmen on overtime.

. . . going to an Old Boys' Dinner and learning that your former class-mates are all making fortunes while you're scratching out a living.

BUMMER CROP DEPT.

A DOW

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

. . . seeing a movie star or TV celebrity that you love, off-camera, without make-up.

. . . going to a Holiday Camp owned by a famous athlete and noticing the only time he shows up is when the news-photographers are there for publicity-pictures.

. . . getting a TV-advertised "Action Toy" that turns out to be a plain plastic doll.

. . . when they take the braces off your teeth . . . and nobody notices.

. . . watching the TV show that has replaced your favourite programme.

. . . reading about the latest Government taxes . . . and knowing you voted for it.

NER IS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

. . . watching those delicious-looking beer commercials on TV for years, and then finally trying your first beer.

. . . telling your wife you've been promoted, and getting told to take out the rubbish.

. . . when you have your first innings of the season, and then get stumped first ball.

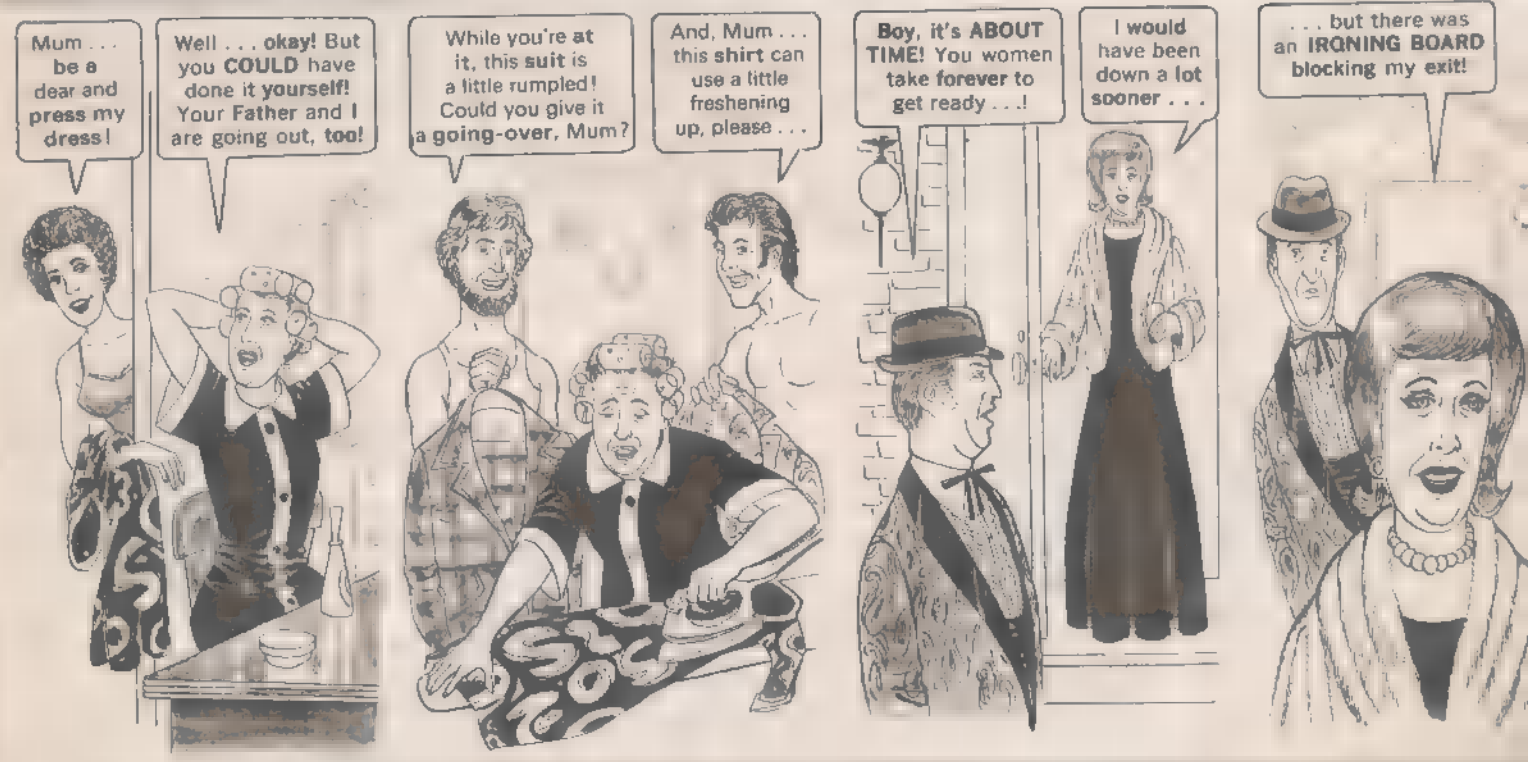
. . . getting a good report for a change and discovering that your Father's only comment is, 'That's what you're going to school for!'

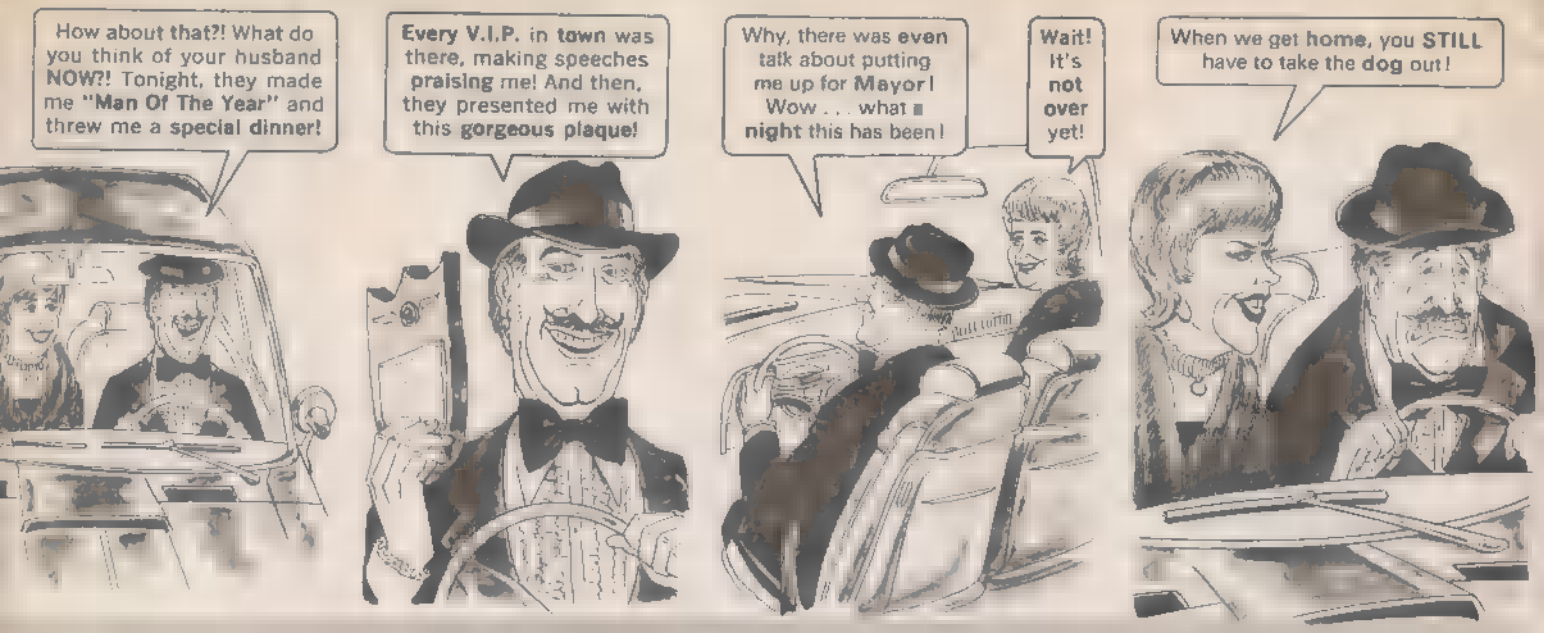
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

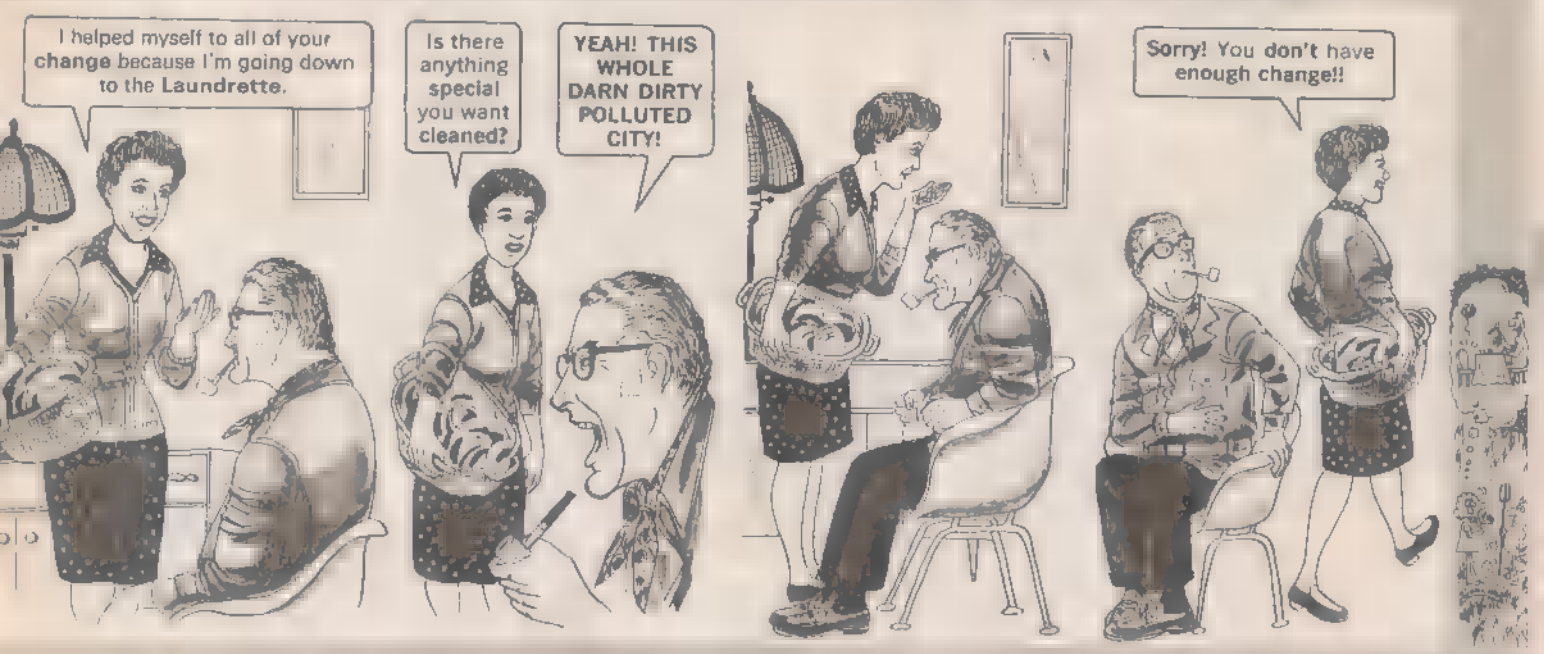
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

ORES

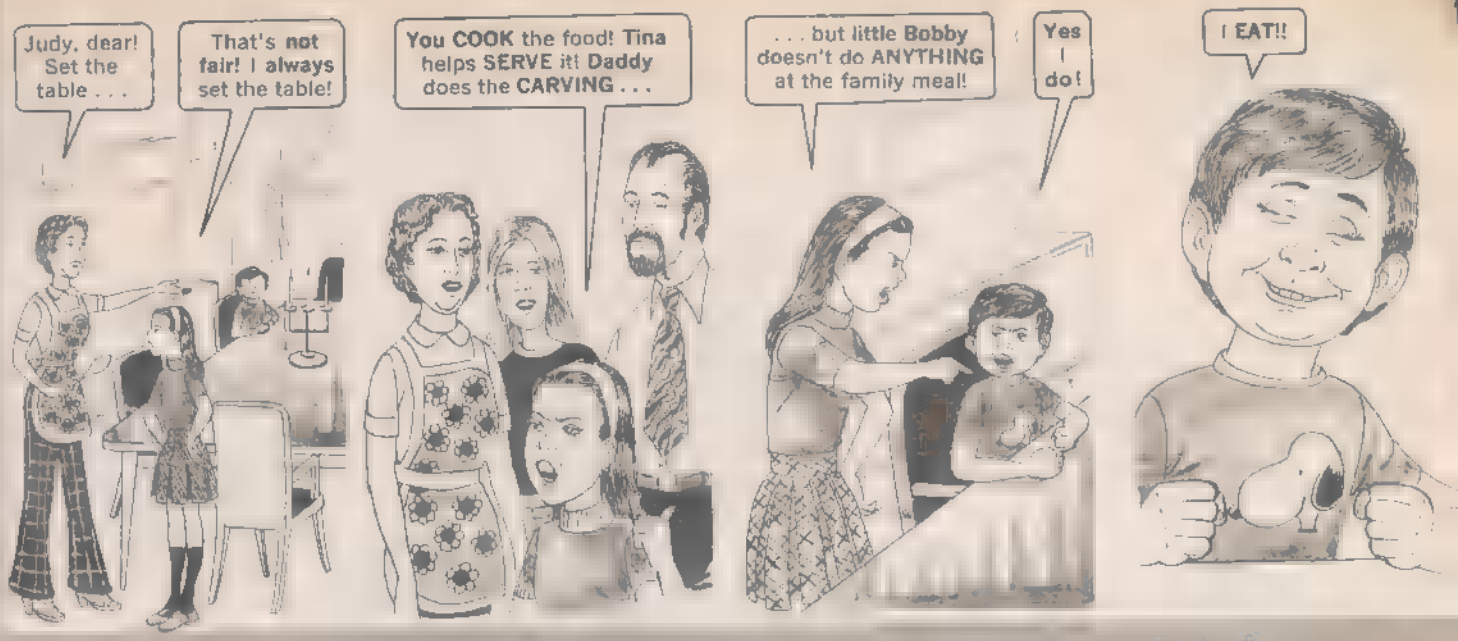
ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG




How about that?! What do you think of your husband NOW?! Tonight, they made me "Man Of The Year" and threw me a special dinner!
Every V.I.P. in town was there, making speeches praising me! And then, they presented me with this gorgeous plaque!
Why, there was even talk about putting me up for Mayor! Wow . . . what [redacted] night this has been!
Wait! It's not over yet!
When we get home, you STILL have to take the dog out!

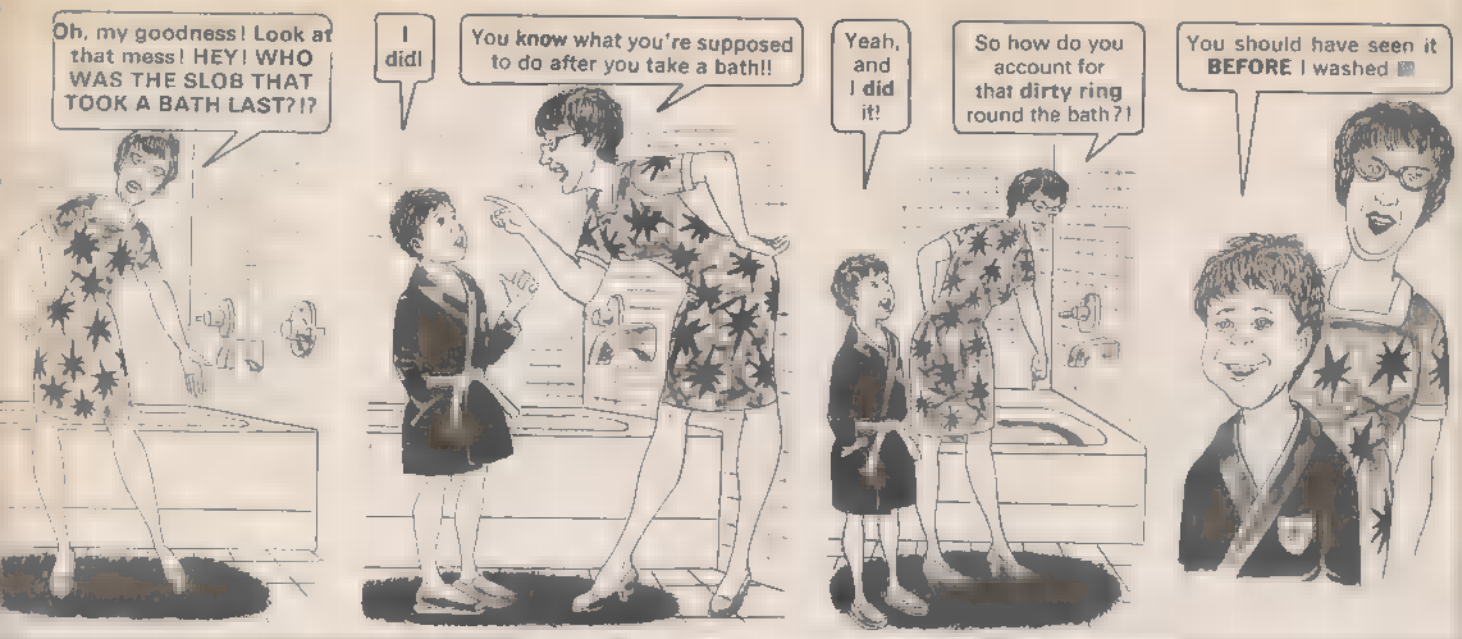

I helped myself to all of your change because I'm going down to the Laundrette.
Is there anything special you want cleaned?
YEAH! THIS WHOLE DARN DIRTY POLLUTED CITY!
Sorry! You don't have enough change!!

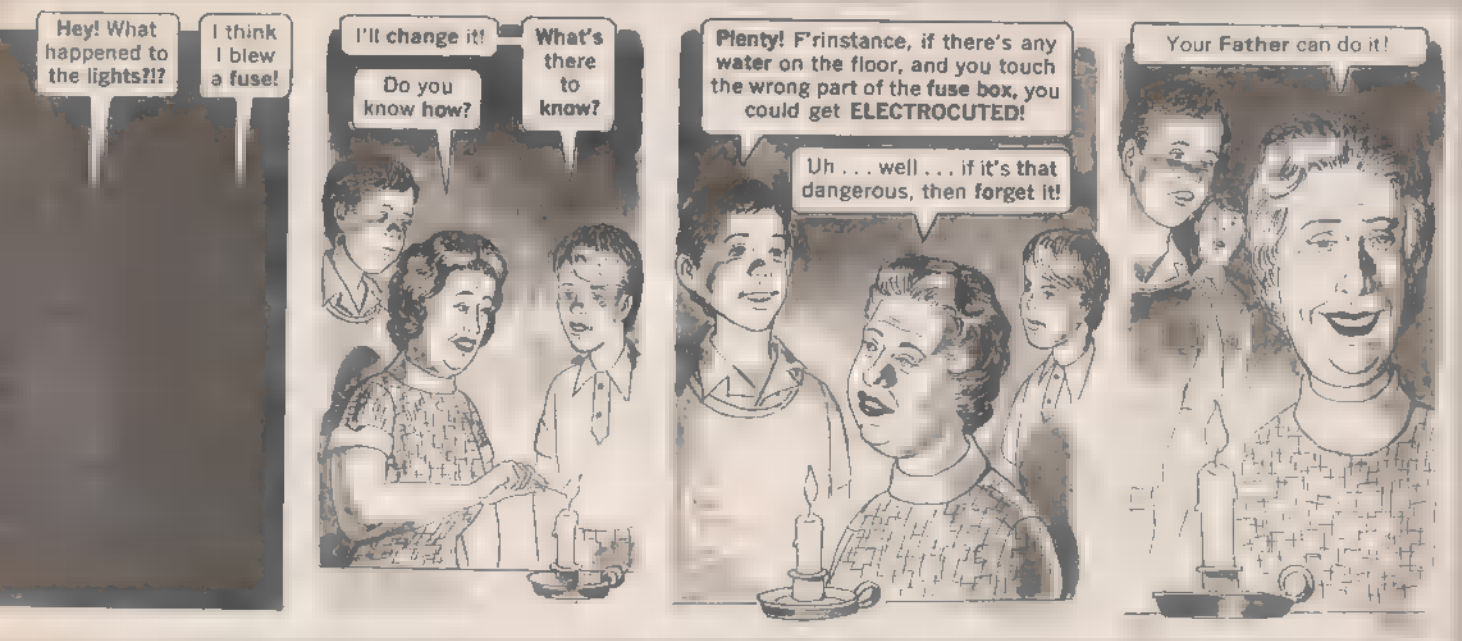
I'm sorry to tell you that Michael is not doing very well in Physics!
Really?!? He's very good with electricity at home!
Well, here in school, he's failing!
We'd be living with kerosene lamps at home if it weren't for his know-how and special attributes!
[redacted] that so?! You mean he has a complete knowledge of volts, amperes and electrical wiring?
Er . . . not exactly . . .
He's the only one in the family that's tall enough to change a ceiling light bulb!


Judy, dear! Set the table . . .
That's not fair! I always set the table!
You COOK the food! Tina helps SERVE it! Daddy does the CARVING . . .
. . . but little Bobby doesn't do ANYTHING at the family meal!
Yes I do!
I EAT!!

The back steps need fixing, and the Kitchen tap keeps dripping!
Listen— you KNOW I can't fix anything!
They'll just have to wait until Cousin Harry visits! He's very handy! I always con him into fixing a few things when he's here!
I've got news for you! Cousin Harry isn't visiting here any more!
Oh? How come?
That's one thing you DID fix!

STOP RIGHT THERE, YOU! I just washed this floor! You're not coming in here with those muddy shoes and soaking wet socks!
Okay! Okay! I'll take them off . . .


Oh, my goodness! Look at that mess! HEY! WHO WAS THE SLOB THAT TOOK A BATH LAST?!?
I did!
You know what you're supposed to do after you take a bath!!
Yeah, and I did it!
So how do you account for that dirty ring round the bath?!
You should have seen it BEFORE I washed


Hey! What happened to the lights?!?
I think I blew a fuse!
I'll change it!
Do you know how?
What's there to know?
Plenty! F'rinstance, if there's any water on the floor, and you touch the wrong part of the fuse box, you could get ELECTROCUTED!
Uh . . . well . . . if it's that dangerous, then forget it!
Your Father can do it!

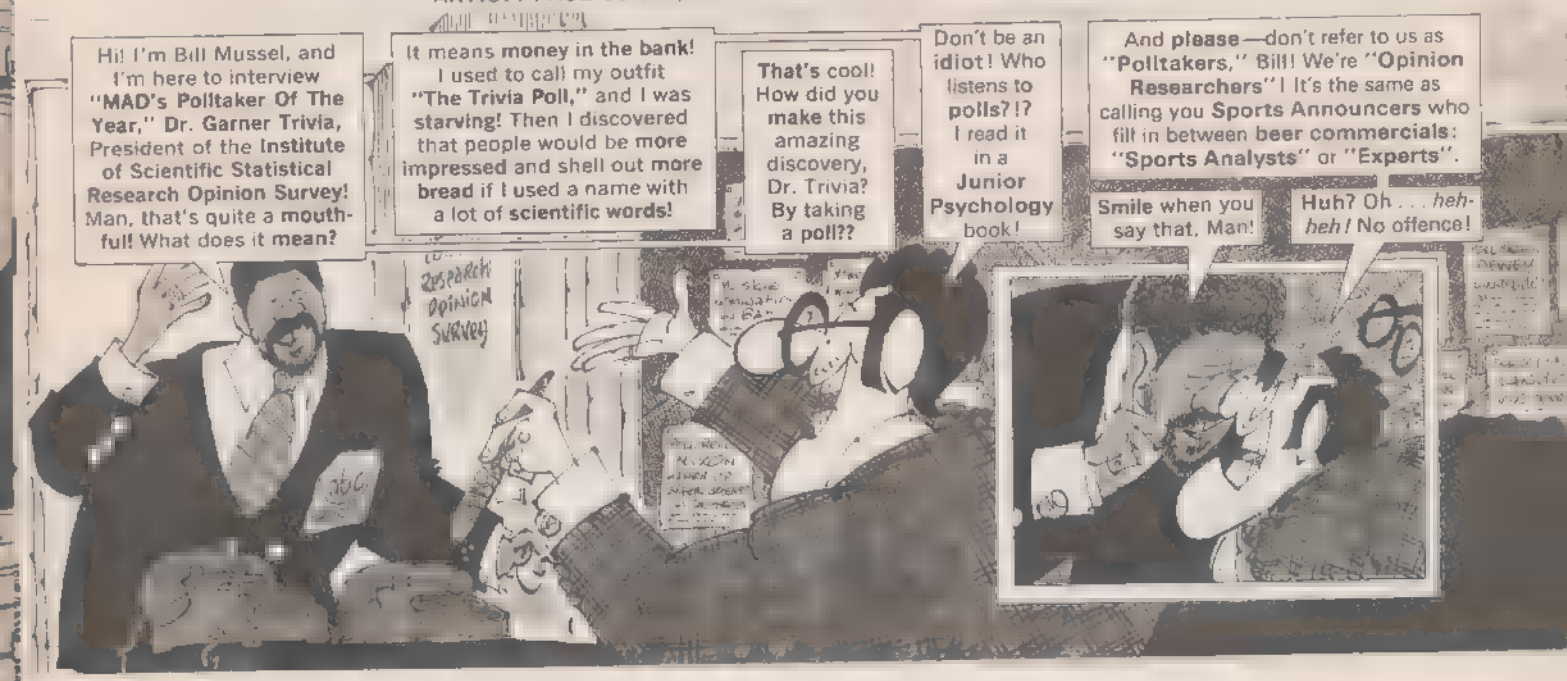
WILL YOU SHUT OFF THAT DARNED STEREO!?!
I CAN'T HEAR THE VACUUM CLEANER!!

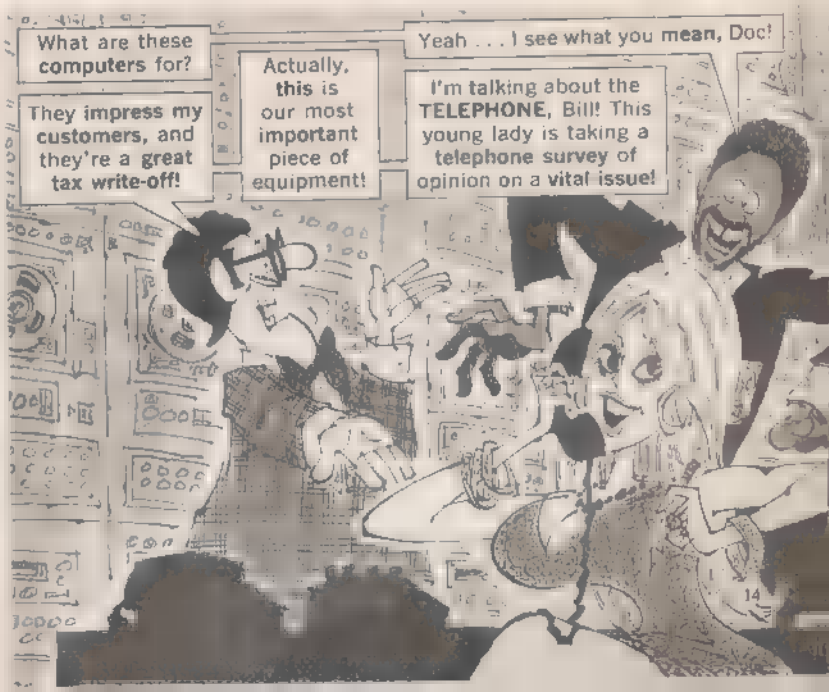
NUMBERS RACKET DEPT.

Public Opinion Polls and Surveys play an increasingly important part in the life of this country today. If somebody decides to run for office, or introduce a new toilet-bowl cleaner, the first thing he does is have a Poll taken to forecast his chances of being elected . . . or having his product dumped in the country's loos. Polls like these were first started and have now been perfected in the United States. So in order to forecast our probable future development in this area, let's take a trip across the Atlantic for an interview with . . .

MAD'S POLL-TAKER OF THE YEAR

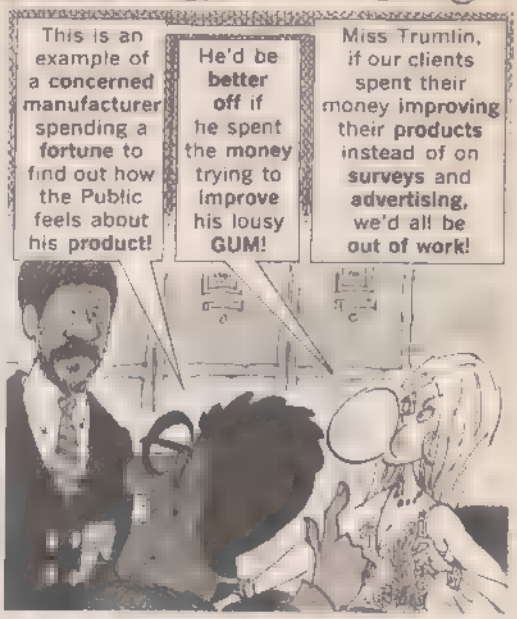
ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITE: LOU SILVERSTONE





I'm conducting a survey, sir! What brand of bubble gum do you find makes the best bubbles?
Hey! I thought you said it was a vital issue!
It is, if you own a Bubble Gum Factory!

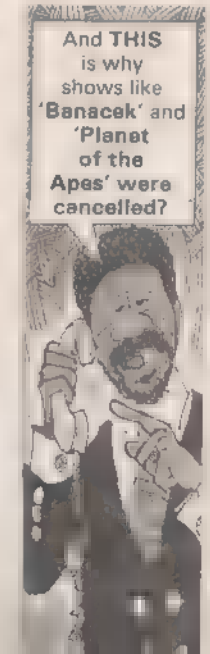
I don't chew bubble gum, Lady! I wear false teeth!
Do any members of your family chew Slop's Bubble Gum?
My son LeRoy! He doesn't exactly chew it! He buys it for the BASEBALL PICTURE, and throws the gum away!


This is an example of a concerned manufacturer spending a fortune to find out how the Public feels about his product!
He'd be better off if he spent the money trying to improve his lousy GUM!
Miss Trumlin, if our clients spent their money improving their products instead of on surveys and advertising, we'd all be out of work!

Most of our clients are manufacturers who spend millions advertising useless products like mouth wash and deodorants, Bill! Then they hire us to get opinions about their products from the Public!
And if there's an unfavourable reaction, they make changes in their products . . . ?
Of course not, Dummy! ■ there's an unfavourable reaction, they make changes in their ADVERTISING!

The TV Networks depend on surveys, don't they? How do you find out which Shows are the most popular?
We use two different highly scientific Survey Systems! The first ■ called the "Chance Factor Method"! We merely pick out telephone numbers at random, and . . .
Hey . . . how would YOU like to make this Survey Call . . . ?

Hello! I'm taking ■ TV Survey! Do you watch the "ABC Game Of The Week"?
I—I think a dog answered! All he says is "Woof!"
Well, don't waste the phone call! One woof means "Yes!" Two woofs mean "No!" And three woofs mean "No Opinion!"


And THIS is why shows like 'Banacek' and 'Planet of the Apes' were cancelled?

The other method is by use of an Audimeter! We attach 1000 of these gadgets to sets all over the country, and whatever Shows the families watch are recorded! This data is then passed on to the TV Networks!
Do they pay much for this information?
Oh, about five million dollars!
Man, no wonder I can't get a raise! They spend all the bread finding out if anybody is watching me!

Do these **families** get paid?

Sure! We pick up their **TV repairs**, and pay them **50¢ a week!**

Man, that is **unbelievable!**

What? That the Networks pay **millions** for information they could get **themselves** for less than **half** the price?

No . . . that you found **1000 people** who would do something for **50¢!** I can't even get my **kid** to guard my **hubcaps** for less than a **buck!**

I never met anyone that has been **questioned** by a poll! How do you decide who you are going to **interview?**

We use what is known in statistical circles as the **Law of Probability!** We choose a **typical neighbourhood at random . . .**

What typical neighbourhood did it **land** in?

Hey, it landed in HARLEM!

Hmmm! I'd better try **again! THAT** neighbourhood is just a little **TOO typical!!**

Here we are in our **alternate** typical neighbourhood . . .

Why are we skipping **that** house?

Because it's on the **corner!** People who live in the **corner houses** aren't **typical!** They're **richer** than their neighbours!

Yeah, but suppose only people who live in **corner houses** watch the **"ABC Game Of The Week"!** My rating would be **ZERO!!**

Who's out there? **Go away!** We don't **want** any!

I'm not selling anything! I just want to ask you a **question!**

Boy, this business is getting **tough!** People used to tell you **anything!** Today, they won't even open the **door!**

What question were you going to **ask?**

Whether they felt that it was safe to walk the streets?

Suppose that most people **just do not understand** an issue? How can you get an **accurate survey?**

We phrase the question so it can be answered by a **moron!** Then people can express **opinions** on things they don't know a **damned thing about!** Listen . . .

Pardon me, sir! I'd like to ask you a **question:** Do you think the **U.S.** should **devalue the dollar** to make it **more competitive** on the **international money market?** Answer **"yes"** or **"no"!**

Duhh—yes, dey should **devalue**—*uh*—like **you said!**

And the **U.S. Government** makes **decisions** on information like **THIS?!?**

Let's go back to the office! I'll finish the rest of these surveys **myself!**

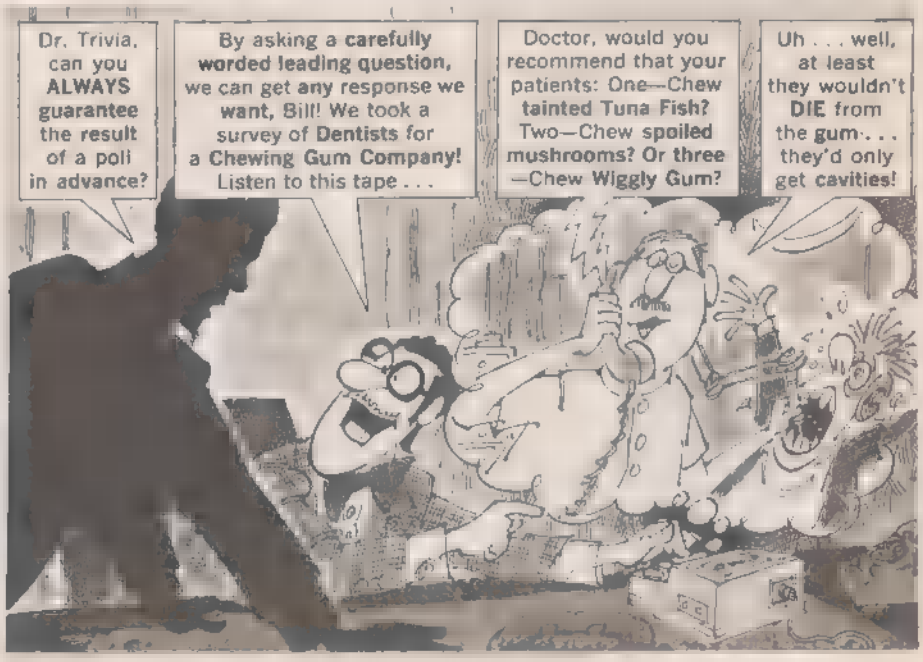
Hey . . . that's **cheating!!**

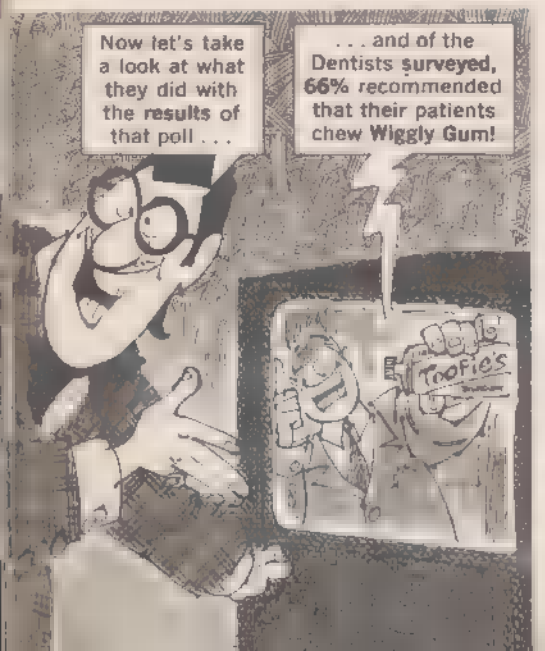
Ahh, nobody'll know the **difference!** Besides, on what I pay my **Field Men**, I'm sure most of them **fake** their surveys **anyway!** So why shouldn't I enjoy the same privilege as my **hired help??**

Does Politics play a big part in your racket?
You bet does! Every incompetent clown who wants to run for Public Office has his own private poll taken!
Allow me to introduce myself! I'm Congressman Sam Buller!
It's a pleasure to meet you! We were just talking about you!

I've decided to seek re-election, and the Galloping Poll says I don't stand a chance!
I hate to knock my competitors, Congressman, but our scientific sampling methods are far more accurate, and I'm sure that you will be pleased with the results of the Opinion Poll WE'LL take!
It's real nice doing business with you, Sir!
Relax! Your popularity is safe with us!

Hey! Y-you practically guaranteed him that your poll will show him in the lead!
It WILL! We'll only poll his close friends and relatives!
But what happens when he gets clobbered in the actual election!
Easy! We'll just blame on the undecided vote!


Dr. Trivia, can you ALWAYS guarantee the result of a poll in advance?
By asking a carefully worded leading question, we can get any response we want, Bill! We took a survey of Dentists for a Chewing Gum Company! Listen to this tape . . .
Doctor, would you recommend that your patients: One—Chew tainted Tuna Fish? Two—Chew spoiled mushrooms? Or three—Chew Wiggly Gum?
Uh . . . well, at least they wouldn't DIE from the gum . . . they'd only get cavities!


Now let's take a look at what they did with the results of that poll . . .
. . . and of the Dentists surveyed, 66% recommended that their patients chew Wiggly Gum!
TOOFIE'S

So you see, Bill . . . polls play a vital part in our American Way of Life! The majority of people WANT to be in the main stream of things! And thanks to polls, they know the popular positions to take on most issues—what political bandwagons to jump on . . . what TV shows to watch . . . what style clothes to wear!
In other words . . . thanks to POLLS, people do not have to think for themselves!
Hmm! That should give our readers something to really think about! This is Bill Mussel . . . signing off for MAD Magazine!

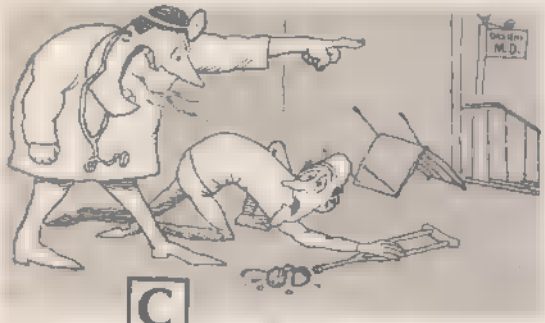
Our trip down Memory Lane this month is just to take another gander at quacks in . . .

MAD'S MEDICAL MOTHER GOOSE

Written by Larry Siegel Illustrated by Al Jaffee

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
The Doctor arrived and he took out his pen
And said, "Have you ever had measles, mumps,
chicken pox, heart trouble, athlete's feet,
diabetes, scarlet fever, an operation—
And has anyone in your family ever had
gout, beri-beri, scurvy, bursitis or acne—
And if so, when?"

Rug-a-dug-dug:
A man's got a bug
Which puzzles his family M.D.
Bronchitis, Neuritis?
Acute Tonsilitis?
He'll say it's a Virus—you'll see!



Choosy Dr. Dander,
Whither do you wander?
Into my waiting-room,
To give the folks a gander.
If I see an old man
Who hasn't stamped his card,
I'll grab him by his bad arm
And kick him very hard!

Apractor, a proctor, an opted-out Doctor;
What makes you make us pay?
I'm saving up to Drain my Brain
Off to the U.S.A.!

There was on old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do.
Her Doc prescribed pills, but they cost too much loot—
So she's still having kids, but she's moved to a boot.

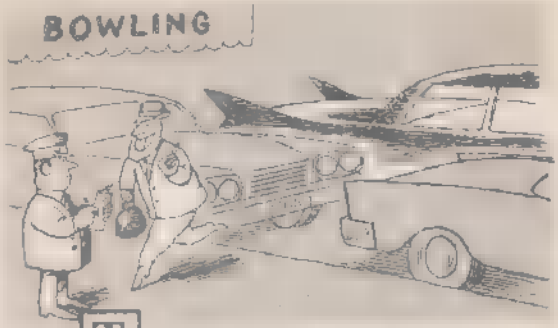
Pain, pain,
Go away!
Doctor's up in Town today—
Lobbying for the B.M.A.!

Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
Under the scalpel of Dr. McQueen!
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did he do?
I've grown fat and slow—that'll give you a clue!

This Plastic Surgeon is solemn;
This Plastic Surgeon is chill;
This Plastic Surgeon's unsmiling
When bobbing the noses with skill;
But each Plastic Surgeon goes,
"Whee, whee, whee, whee!"
Whenever he makes out a bill!

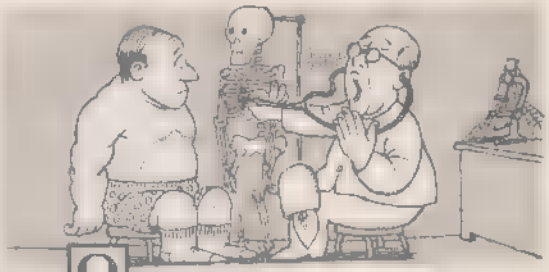
What-an-ache, what-an-ache,
Doctor Mann!
I got hit by a
Baker's van!
Thumb's scraped,
And wrist's skinned,
And fingernail's black—
And tell the Insurance
I've got a bad back!

Singing a song of sickness;
In a bed I lie.
Four-and-twenty Specialists
Always going by.
When the door is open,
A Nurse walks in the place.
Must they send a dainty dish
When I'm a prostate case!

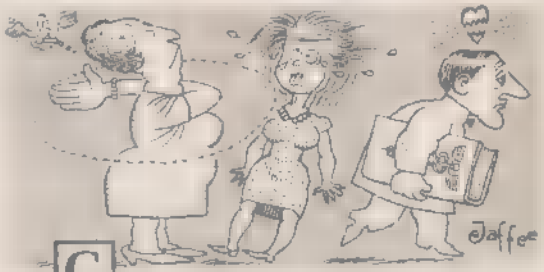


Ticky, ticky, touchwood, my black car,
It ignores the calendar!
Wardens may talk of Even Dates—
But my black car has M.D. plates!

Polly, fill this bottle up;
Polly, fill this bottle up;
Polly, fill this bottle up,
And I don't want tea!



Old Doc Bole is a wealthy old soul,
And he languidly takes his ease.
He can't tell a mole
From a wart (or a vole)—
He got rich splitting Specialists' fees.



Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed a girl and made her cry.
For spurning him, her mother socked her—
George's going to be a Doctor!

GETTING NOWHERE SLOW DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT CO

MMUTING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

FLIP/FLOPS DEPT.

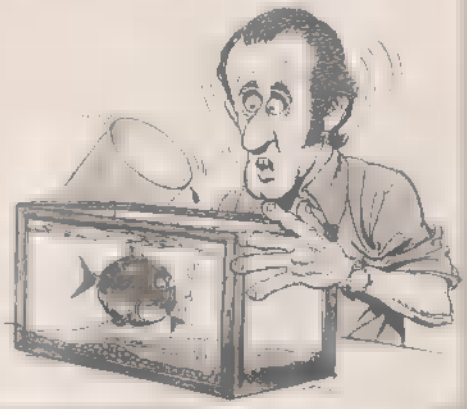
Life, as everyone knows, is full of GOOD NEWS and BAD NEWS. Sometimes the GOOD NEWS turns into BAD NEWS. Sometimes the BAD NEWS turns into GOOD NEWS. And sometimes the GOOD NEWS,

THE MAD "GOOD NEWS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

GOOD NEWS is being given a new, rare tropical fish for your tank.

BAD NEWS is discovering that its favourite food is other tropical fish.



GOOD NEWS is finding out that you and your date share many common interests.

GOOD NEWS is asking for a cuddly Teddy Bear for your birthday, and getting it.

BAD NEWS is that you're turning 18.

GOOD NEWS is sliding into 'Home' safely without being 'Tagged'.

GOOD NEWS is being thrown a surprise party by your wife.

BAD NEWS is figuring out that you're the one who still has to pay for it.

GOOD NEWS is going through an entire winter without once getting sick.

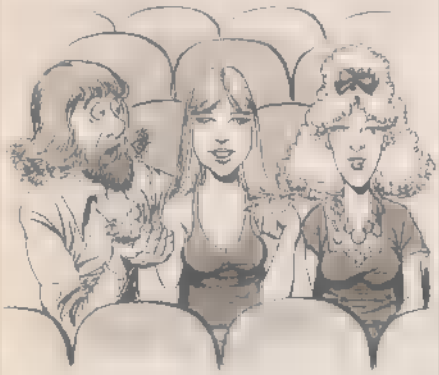
which was the BAD NEWS, turns into BAD NEWS again. And sometimes . . . well, you get the idea.

This ends the introduction, which is GOOD NEWS, and brings us to the following article, which is

—BAD NEWS" BOOK

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

BAD NEWS ■ discovering that one of your common interests is girls.



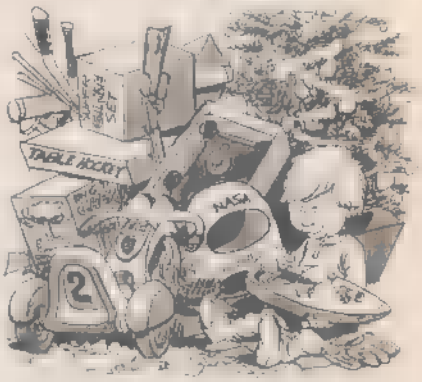
GOOD NEWS is conscientiously dieting to lose forty pounds.

BAD NEWS is succeeding . . . but in all the wrong places.

BAD NEWS ■ remembering you had six live caterpillars in your back pocket.

BAD NEWS is finding out there's no Santa Claus.

GOOD NEWS is realizing that ■ doesn't make any difference.



BAD NEWS is you're a hypochondriac.

BAD NEWS is finding out your Dad is an Accountant.

GOOD NEWS is finding out he's Accountant to a football-team.

BAD NEWS is coming home at night and discovering that you've been burgled.

GOOD NEWS is calculating that your Insurance will cover the entire loss.

BAD NEWS is finding the unmailed premium in your jacket pocket.

BAD NEWS is going out with a female friend and being spotted by your Wife.

GOOD NEWS is discovering that she's out with a male friend.

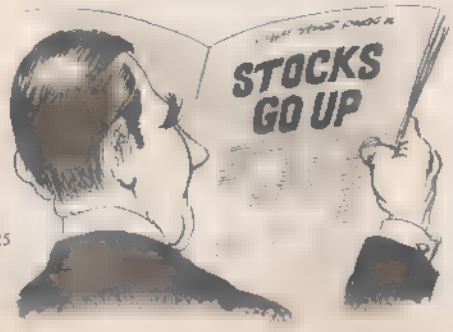
BAD NEWS is noting she's having a much better time than you are.

BAD NEWS is being sent to bed without any dinner.

GOOD NEWS is finding out that dinner is a broccoli and eggplant casserole.

BAD NEWS is your Mother worried about you getting hungry . . . and sneaking a plate up to your room.

GOOD NEWS is getting GOOD NEWS.



BAD NEWS is getting more GOOD NEWS . . . which bothers you because you know you're now due for BAD NEWS.

GOOD NEWS is finally getting BAD NEWS . . . which relieves your mind because you know you're again due for GOOD NEWS.

BAD NEWS is a building going up on your favourite vacant lot.

GOOD NEWS is finding out it's going to [redacted] an Ice Cream Parlour.

BAD NEWS is discovering the place has a fancy name and charges 50p a scoop.

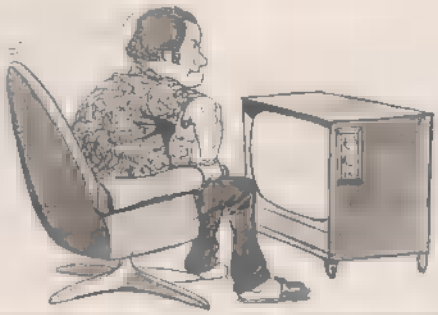
BAD NEWS is meeting up with a mugger.

GOOD NEWS is finding you've only got three pounds in your pocket.

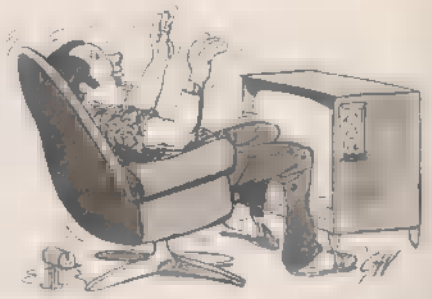
BAD NEWS is discovering that three pounds is a big insult to a mugger.

GOOD NEWS is settling down at your TV set to watch your favourite comedy.

BAD NEWS is finding it's replaced by a a Government spokesman explaining policy.

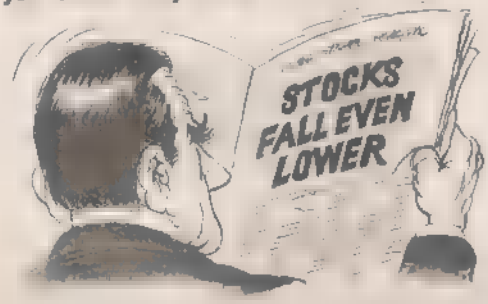


GOOD NEWS [redacted] discovering that you're getting twice the laughs.



BAD NEWS is continuing [redacted] get BAD NEWS instead of the GOOD NEWS you felt you were due after the BAD NEWS.

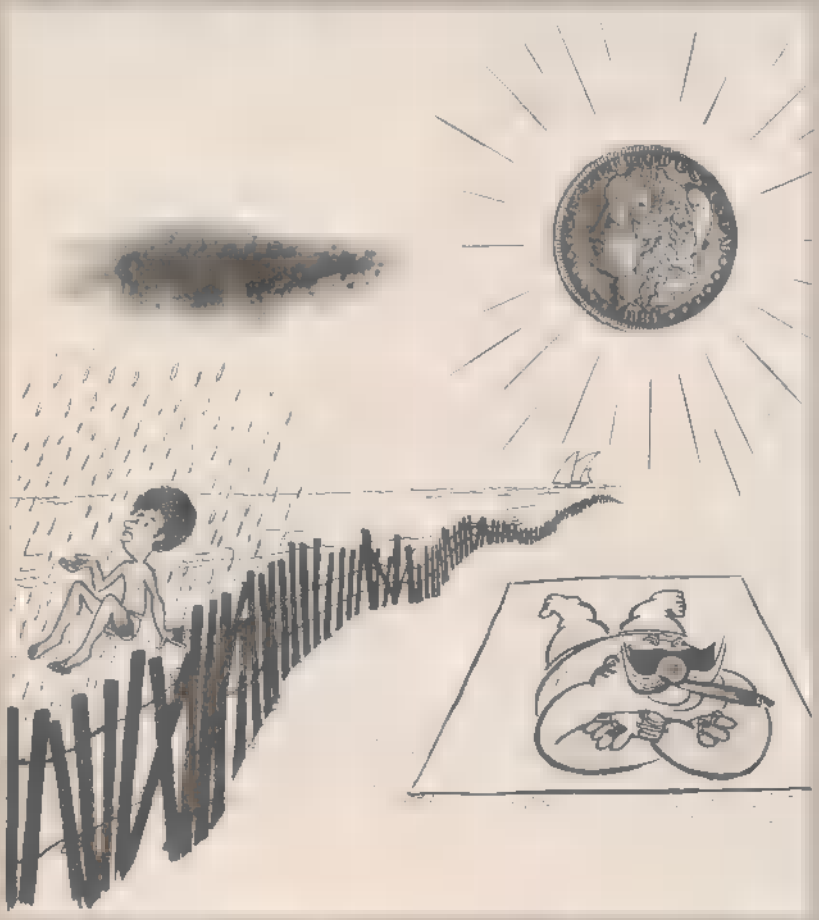
GOOD NEWS is continuing [redacted] still get BAD NEWS, which is GOOD NEWS because you know you're now really due for some GOOD NEWS.

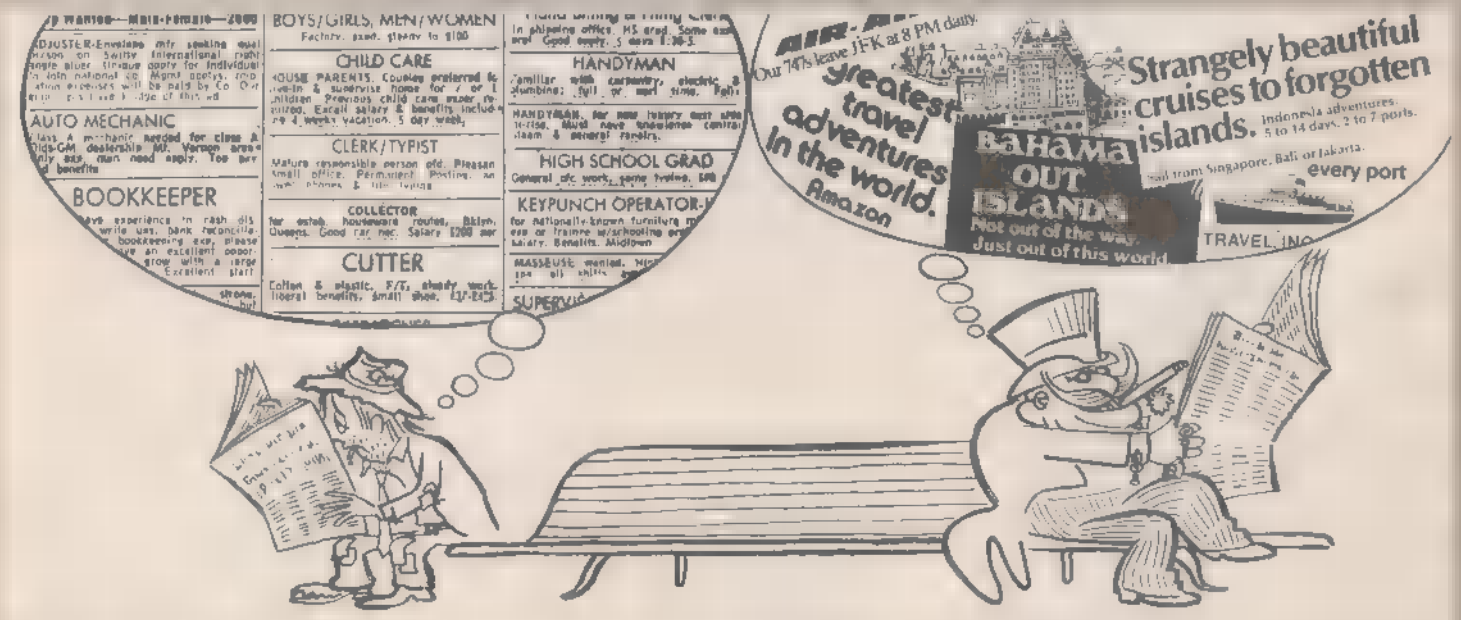


BAD NEWS [redacted] trusting in cycles.

CREDIT-ABILITY GAP DEPT.

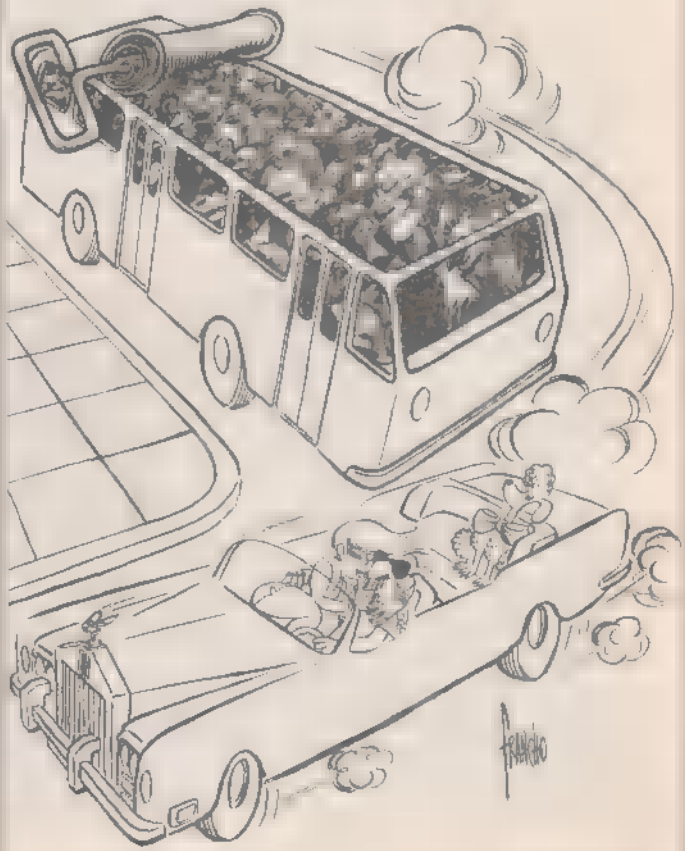
RICH IS





BETTER

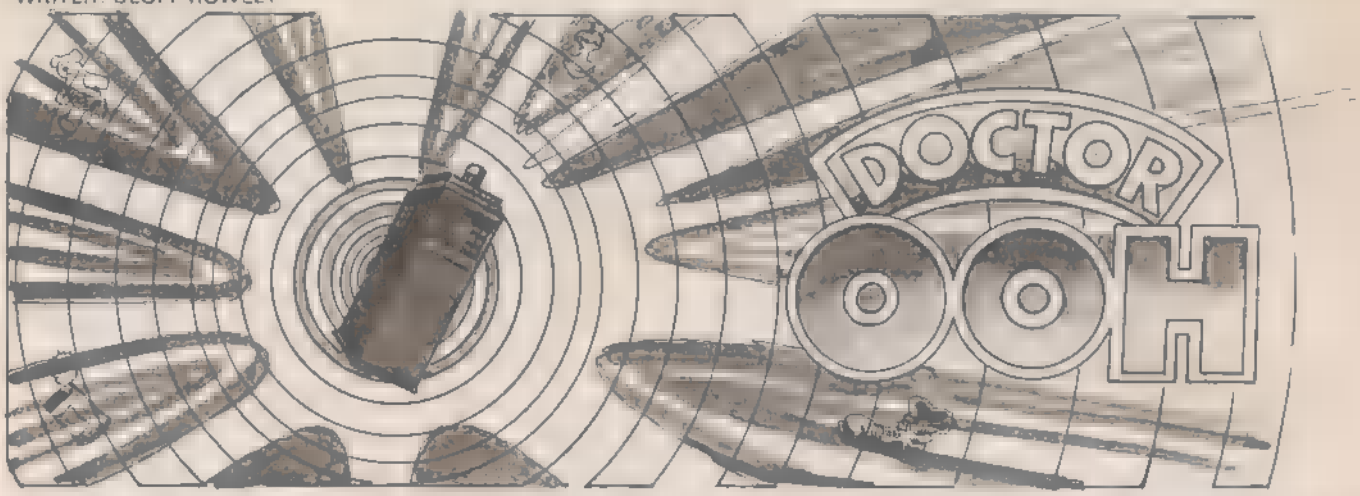
ARTIST & WRITER: ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI

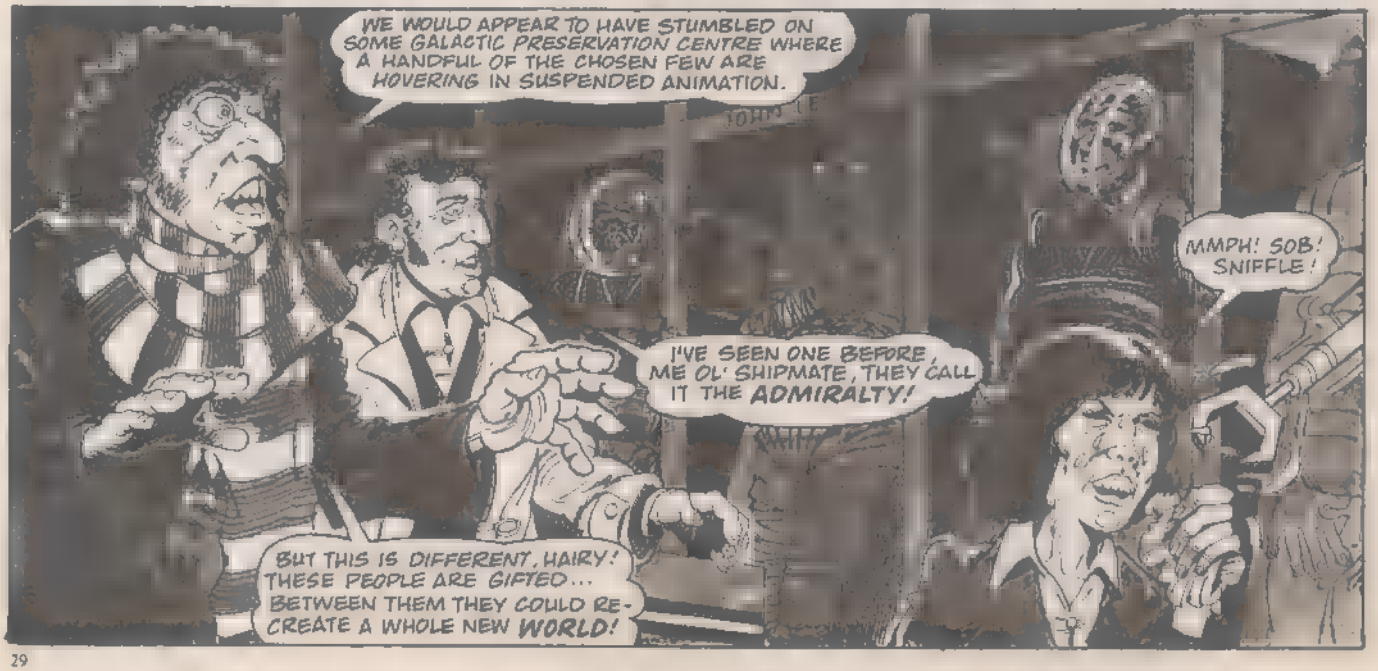


PHOTOS BY UPI

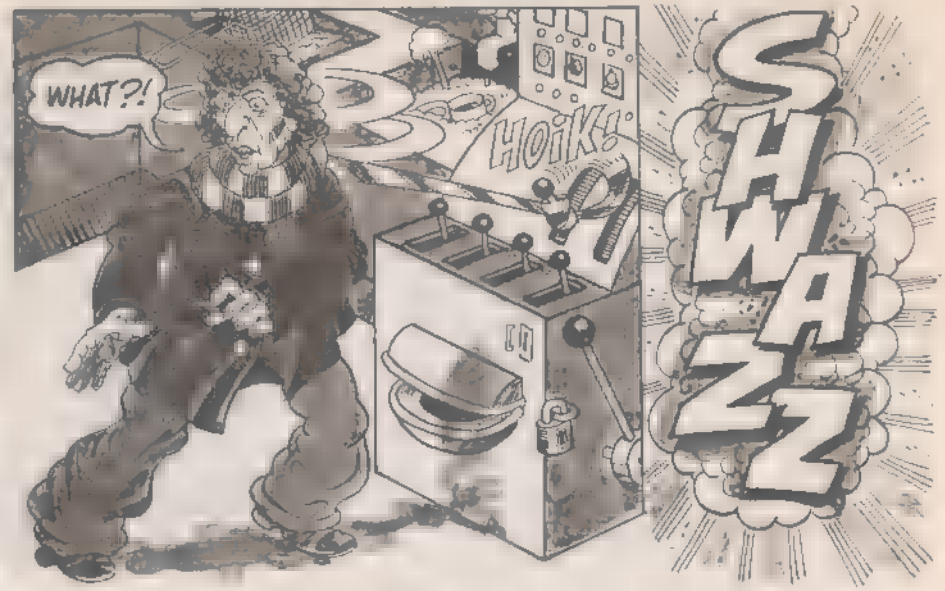
WHAT'S UP WITH WHO, DOC? DEPT.

ARTIST: STEVE PARKHOUSE
WRITER: GEOFF ROWLEY





DOCTOR! SCAN THE FOREDECK! THERE'S A PLASTIC BAG FULL OF PING PONG BALLS CRAWLING TOWARDS YOU!


WHAT?!
HOIK!
SHWAZZ

LUCKY! MADE IT TO THE THERMO DECONTAMINAL ATOMISER IN TIME! BUT THESE AREN'T PING PONG BALLS, HAIRY ... THEY'RE PLASTIC DUCK EGGS! THE SAME ONES THAT WERE GLUED TO THE STRIPS OF ROOFING FELT THAT CRAWLED TOWARDS US SO THREATENINGLY ON COSMOS XII !!
RASP!

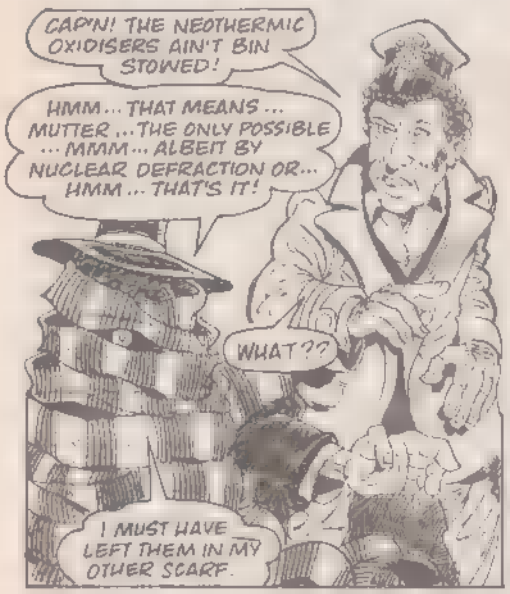
BILGE ME SCUPPERS! THEN THAT MEANS ...
YES, HAIRY! THE B.B.C. REALLY ARE DESPERATE FOR MONEY! KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR WOMBLES!

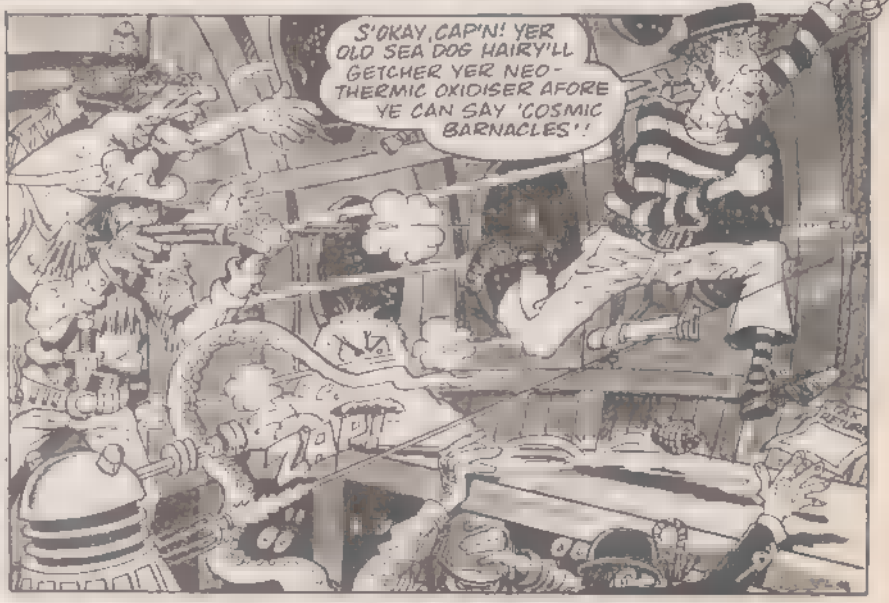
HMPH! ULP! DOCTOR! SOB! SNIFF! ULP! LOOK!

AH!
I'VE BEEN CONTAMINATED BY XENO-ACIDIC MEBATES ... OR SOMETHING EQUALLY MEANINGLESS!

SHIVER ME BRIDGEHEAD! HIS TROUSERS ARE GETTING EVEN BAGGIER!
HMPH! AND LOOK! SOB! HIS SCARF, IT'S ... SNIFF... KNITTING ITSELF!

OH! SOB! HAIRY! SNIFF! DO SOMETHING!
RIGHT Y'ARE, ME SNIVELLING HEARTY, I'LL SCAN THE GADGETRY!
LET'S SEE... PORTABLE SYNCHRONIC ATOMISERS...
ROTAVARIABLE HUMIDITY GUN...
ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH...


CAP'N! THE NEOTHERMIC OXIDISERS AIN'T BIN STOWED!
HMM... THAT MEANS... MUTTER... THE ONLY POSSIBLE ... MMM... ALBEIT BY NUCLEAR DEFRACTION OR... HMM... THAT'S IT!
WHAT??
I MUST HAVE LEFT THEM IN MY OTHER SCARF.


S'OKAY, CAP'N! YER OLD SEA DOG HAIRY'LL GETCHER YER NEO-THERMIC OXIDISER AFORE YE CAN SAY 'COSMIC BARNACLES'!
ZAP!!

PHEW! GASP! FORTY TWO CIRCUITS ROUND THAT SAME OLD CORNER'S FAIR STRAINED ME RIGGIN' AN' STILL NO NEOTHERMIC WHATSIT! RIGHT! TIME TO TIP SOME OF THESE CLEVER DOZERS OUTA THEIR FANCY HAMMOCKS!
PRESS BUTTON FOR SERVICE

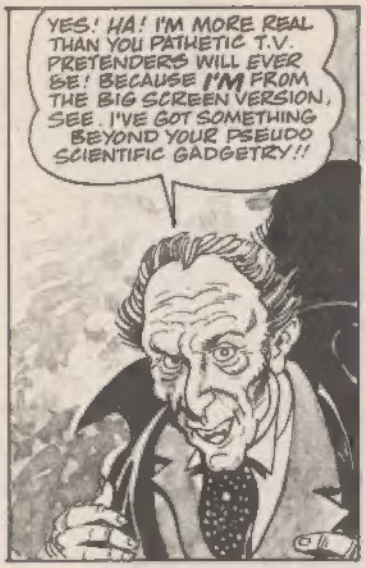
FZZZ
RIGHT! ARE Y'ALL SHIPSHAPE? THERE'S HELP NEEDED FOR'ARD... WE'VE A SELF-KNITTING SCARF RUNNING AMOK ON THE CAP'N!

A SELF-KNITTING SCARF? SORRY, OLD CHUM, DIDN'T HAVE THEM IN THE SERIES I WAS IN. NEVER HAD TO DEAL WITH ONE.
NOR ME. SLIMEY THINGS WITH LOTS OF EYES WERE MY SPECIALITY.
GIVE ME A DALEK EVERY TIME... YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH A DALEK!
WHIMPER! SNIFF! I'M IN THIS BOX OF HANKIES IF ANYONE WANTS ME! SOB!
KLEENEX

USELESS BILGE RATS! I SHOULD KEEL HAUL THE LOT O' YA! IS THERE NOT A MAN AMONG YA KNOWS HOW TO PUT PAID TO A SELF-KNITTING SCARF?

DE-ACTIVATING A SELF-KNITTING SCARF IS RELATIVELY SIMPLE — TAKE AWAY ITS WOOL!
BRILLIANT!
AMAZING!
WHO IS THIS MAN?

WHO? WHO?
THE REAL DOCTOR OOH, THAT'S WHO!!
OOOH!
OOOHH!
OOH!



FOLLOW THAT BAT!

LOOK OUT, ME HEARTIES! BIG BLACK VOID ON THE PORT BOW!

THIS NEVER HAPPENED WHEN WE HAD DALEKS!

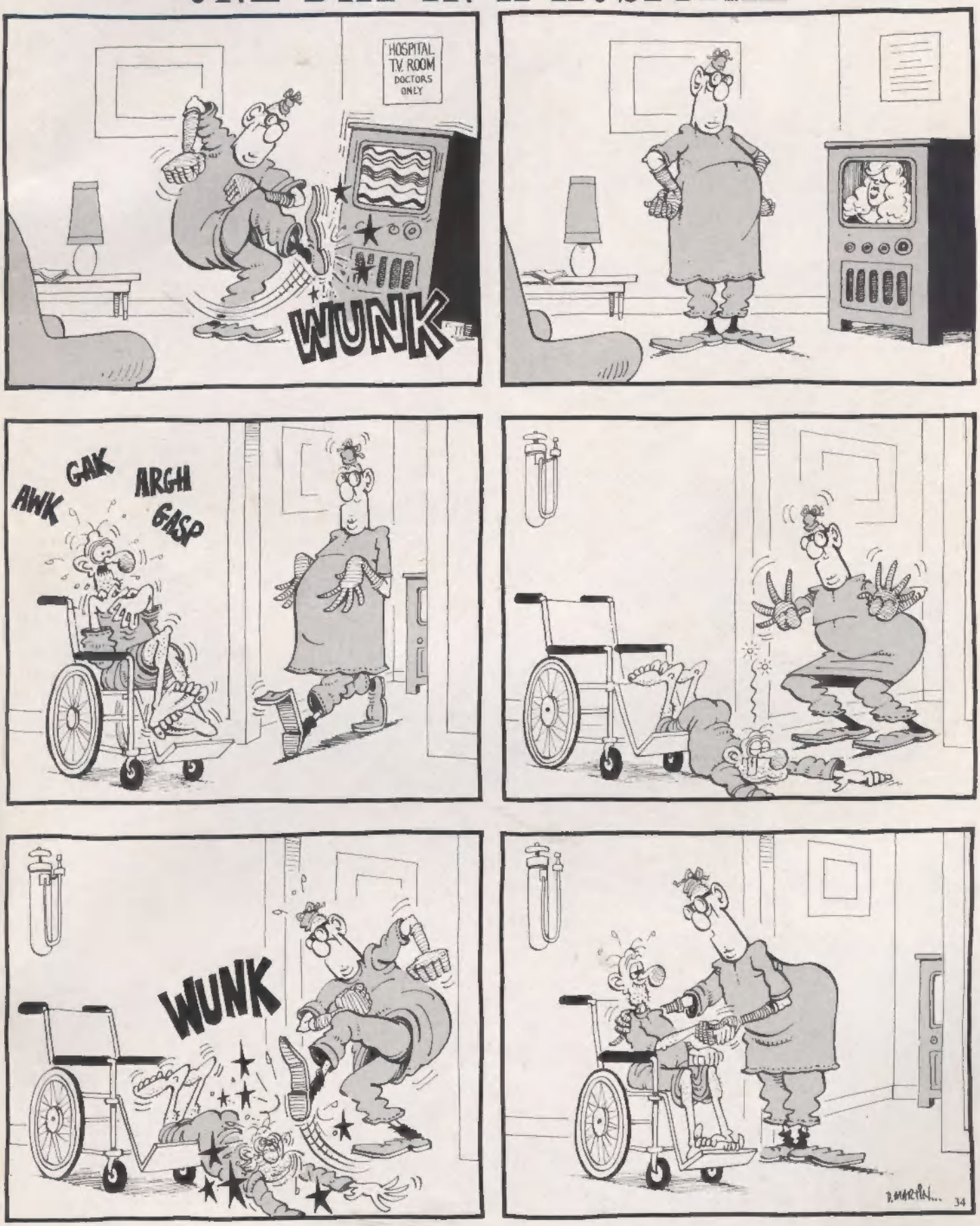
SNIVEL! WHIMPER! SOB!

KLEENEX

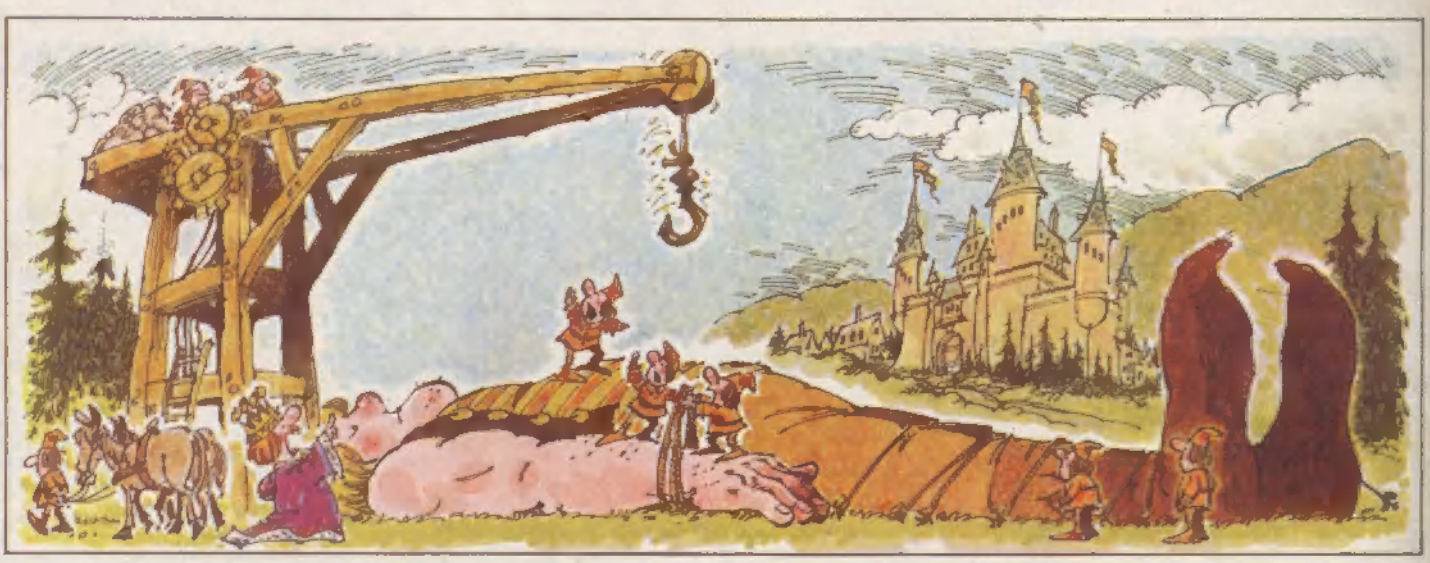
THE END? APPLICATIONS FOR THE POST AS THE NEW DR. OOH ARE BEING CONSIDERED BY THE B.B.C.

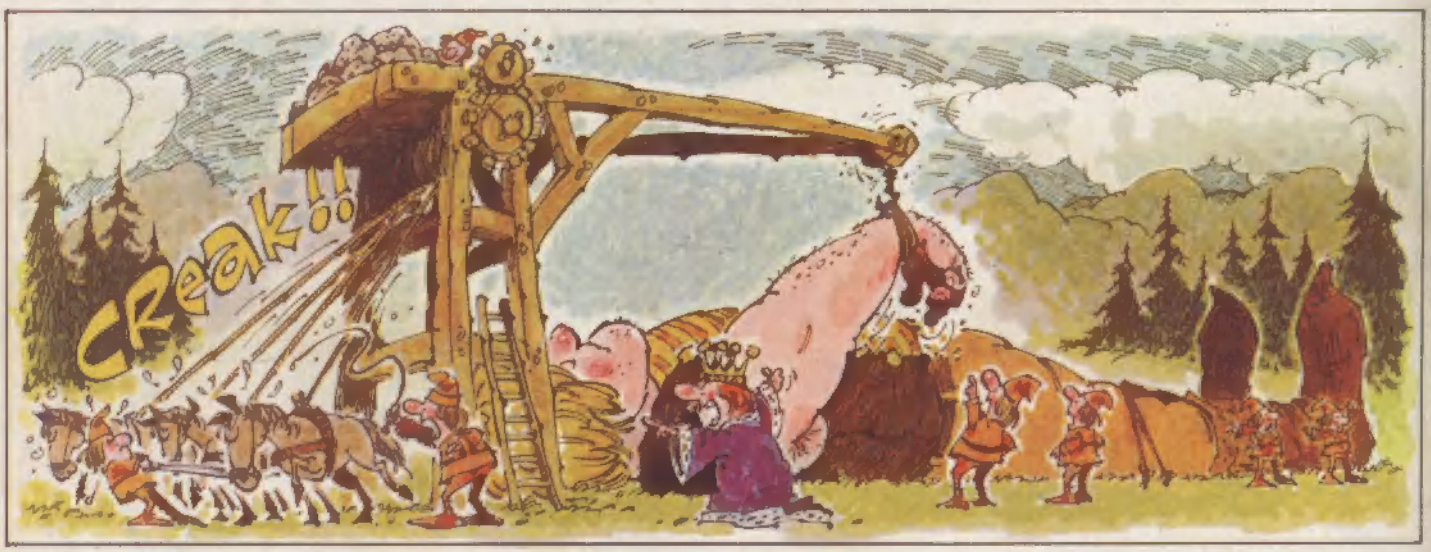
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE DAY IN A HOSPITAL



Gulliver's Travails





ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: DON EDWING